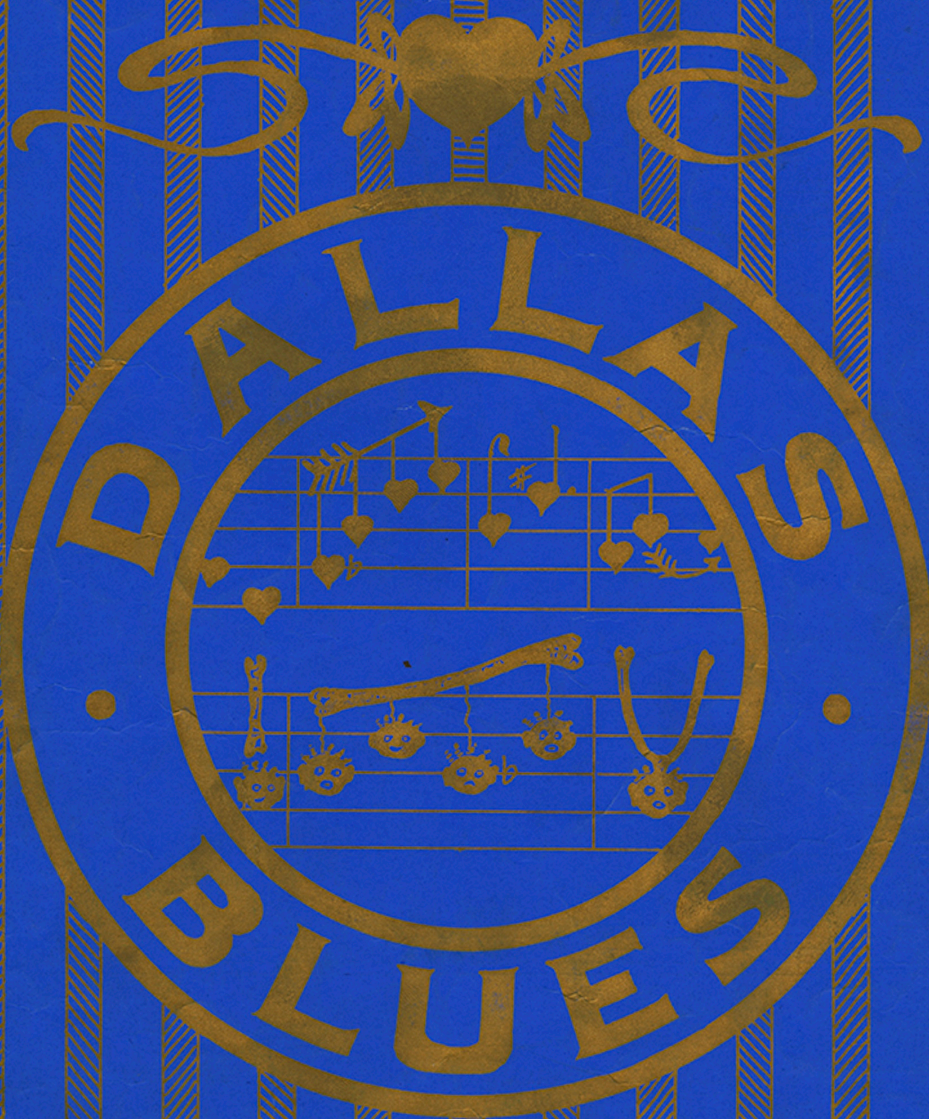


Bohne Grove



WAND
PUBLISHING CO

OKLAHOMA CITY
U.S.A.

DALLAS BLUES

Words by
LLOYD GARRETT.

Music by
HART A. WAND.

Tempo di Blues. Very slowly.

f *fz* *mp* *VAMP*

When your money's gone, friends have turned you down, — And you wan - der
When I got up north, clothes I had to spare, — Sold 'em all to

'round just like a houn' (a lone-some houn') Then you stop to say, "Let me
pay my rail - road fare (my rail-road fare) Just to come back there rid - ing

go a-way from this old town (this aw-ful town)? There's a place I know
in a Pull-man par-lor chair (a par-lor chair). Sent a tel - e - gram,

folks won't pass me by, — Dal-las, Tex - as, that's the town I cry! (oh hear me
this is what I said: — "Ba - by, bring a cold towel for my head (my ach - ing

cry!) And I'm go-ing back, go-ing back to stay there till I die (un-til I die,
head). Got the Dal-las Blues and your lov-in' man is al-most dead (is al-most dead).

CHORUS.

I've got the Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart disease (it's buz-zin' 'round), I've got the
I'm goin' to put my-self on a San-ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go), I'm goin' to

Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart dis-ease (it's buz-zin' 'round), Buz-zin'
put my-self on a San-ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go) To that

'round my head like a swarm of lit-tle hon-ey bees (of hon-ey bees). I've got the bees. D.S.
Tex-as town where you nev-er see the ice and snow (the ice and snow). I'm goin' to snow. D.S.

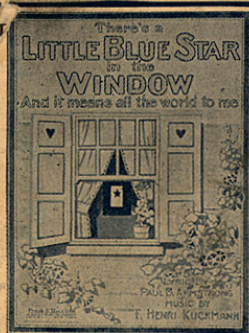
EXTRA CHORUSES.

I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
Maybe someone else stole the juicy peaches off my tree (right off my tree).

I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
It's the first time that blues have been a-knockin' at my door (at my front door).

Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Leave her all alone till her lovin' heart gets good and sore (gets good and sore).

Late Patriotic Song Successes



The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

There are stars in the high heavens above, With a promise of hope in their light. There are stars in the field of Old Glory, The emblem of love and of right. Let us star-ve-er shine with more brightness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea. There's a star-ve-er shine with more brightness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea.

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

For I'm hitting the trail to Normandy. So kiss me good-bye. When we've carried the flag to victory, I'll be back to your arms. I'll be back to your arms. I'll be back to your arms. I'll be back to your arms.

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The Song Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

Cris - son Red for Sea - ri - fice, the blood of his own shed. Red - less White for Fur - i - ty the world's dead. Red - less White for Fur - i - ty the world's dead.

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

Will the an - gels guard my dad - dy o - ver there? Will they watch him and protect him ev - ery where? Then one day the down to rest on his low - lying mother's breast. And me - mories will and love her ev - er - last. How I love you dear old dad - dy how I miss you! I

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WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER
AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

When a boy says good-bye to his mother - And the sound of the tra - ge - dy is heard. He knows that tear in her eyes mean. Come back by and by. For her fond lips break the word. All the an - gels are gray - ing a - lone her heart. That's the story of a word.

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When It Comes To A LOVINGLESS DAY.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

For Two-days are more - less and Wednesdays are more - less. My home is no more - less. My heart is no more - less. I don't care if all the love - are treat-less. Or if I must cry in sleep - or not less. I live in my - row, in front of my - row, in front of my - row. I must cry in sleep - or not less. I live in my - row, in front of my - row, in front of my - row.

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

The bells that ring you with meli - cious song. And I will wait here. The bells that ring you with meli - cious song. And I will wait here.

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

When the Kai - ser does the goose - step to a good old A - meri - can rag. They'll play it for - ev - er and make songs of van - a - land. Of forests to a good old State. They'll play it for - ev - er and make songs of van - a - land.

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Great Patriotic March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
"I Love You, My Yankee Land"

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

"I mean you're a - y - d - d - y - c - o - u - n - t - r - y." "I mean you're a - y - d - d - y - c - o - u - n - t - r - y." "I mean you're a - y - d - d - y - c - o - u - n - t - r - y." "I mean you're a - y - d - d - y - c - o - u - n - t - r - y."

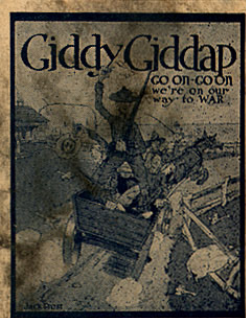
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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLOPFMAN.

Giddy Giddy go on! Go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell him to go to hell! That's what we're fight - ing for. We did - n't want to do it. We're sorry they're making sorry.

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Great "Rube" War Song Hit

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